



These articles and information is brought to you by The 1937 and 1938 Buicks Club. For more information please contact us at;

<http://autos.groups.yahoo.com/group/1937and1938Buicks/>

or

WWW.1937and1938Buicks.com

-- Warning Notice --

It the mission and goal of 1937 and 1938 Buicks Club is to provide information, helpful hints, advice, directions and reference information for the repair, maintenance, authentic restoration and knowledge development in regards to 1937 and 1938 Buick's. Content is offered as informational only.

The 1937 and 1938 Buicks Club does not knowingly accept false or misleading content or advertising. Nor does The 1937 and 1938 Buicks Club assume any responsibility for the consequences that may occur should any such material appear.

The 1937 and 1938 Buicks Club does not guarantee the quality of any information which is included in this or any other publication. Under no circumstances shall The 1937 and 1938 Buicks Club be liable for any damages, losses, or injuries resulting from use reliance on the content of this or any other publication. Any reliance on this or any other publication content is at your own risk.

As a precautionary measure, The 1937 and 1938 Buicks Club strongly recommends that you contact a professional mechanic or restoration shop to check your work or answer specific questions.

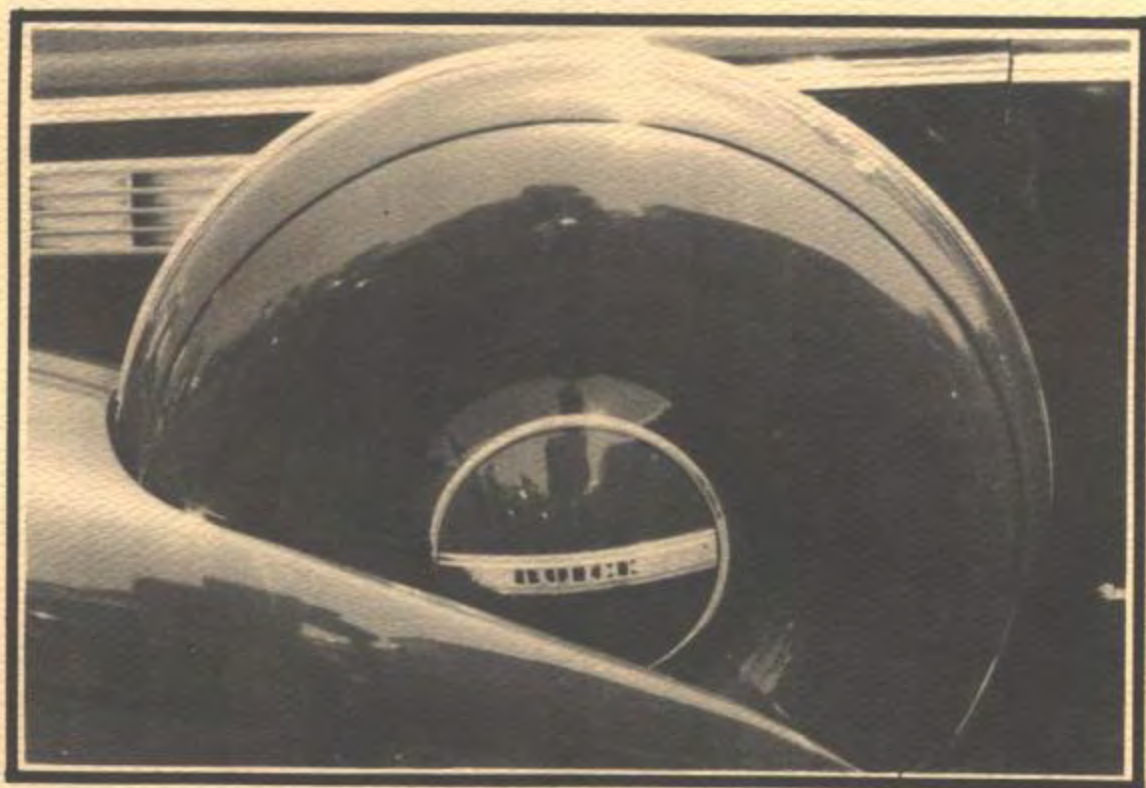
-- Copyright Notice --

All rights reserved. All documents and publications on The 1937 and 1938 Buicks Club web site or that can be down loaded from The 1937 and 1938 Buicks Club web site are protected under both U.S. Federal copyright law and international treaties. No component of this site, including text, images and computer code, may not be reproduced or copied in any form or by any means--electronic, graphic, digital or mechanical, including photocopying or information storage & retrieval systems--without the express prior written permission of The 1937 and 1938 Buicks Club.

THE TORQUE•TUBE

THE NEWS PUBLICATION FOR MEMBERS

OF THE 1937-1938 BUICK CLUB • FOUNDED 1980



Volume X • Number 9



THE TORQUE•TUBE

THE NEWS PUBLICATION FOR MEMBERS

OF THE 1937-1938 BUICK CLUB • FOUNDED 1980



Volume X; Number 9

July 1992

William E. Olson, Editor • 842 Mission Hills Lane, Columbus, Ohio 43235



Miscellaneous Matter



MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL TIME

All of you will be receiving shortly, or have already received, a new style of Membership Renewal/Roster Information Form. This form is a cooperative effort of Jim Flack (#499), who is working on computerizing our Club membership information, and the Editor. Approximately two-thirds of the memberships expire this August 31. If yours is among this number, you will be able to tell that from the information concerning you that is pre-printed on the form, and you should correct or complete the form as necessary and return it pronto with money. Members who expire on August 31 will receive no further issues until they have renewed.

Even if your membership does not expire this year, it is requested — again — that you take just a few minutes of your time to review the information, bring it up to date, and return the form. The next Club Roster will be based upon these forms, and once this new computerized program is in place, my administrative burdens will be reduced by orders of magnitude. Thus I am asking everyone again: please cooperate. The new form should be easy to use. I am not going to fill out the forms for you based upon notes scribbled on little pieces of paper you sent me some time in the past. The time to get this done right is now, and a few minutes of your time, an envelope, and a 29¢ stamp is all that is asked of you. If you can't give that, there's something wrong.

NEW DUES STRUCTURE

Having reflected for some time on the Club's financial condition and the state of the world economy generally, I decided to make a bold move. I have reduced the dues.

1991-2 U.S. Dues — \$32 per year.

1992-3 U. S. Dues — \$30 per year.

• FOUNDED BY DAVE LEWIS IN 1980 •

I realize that saving two bucks a year is not going to change your life, but think about this: what else has gone down in price? I have also applied an approximately 6% discount for a two-year renewal, and approximately 12% for the three years. Inasmuch as interest rates are now pretty low, I think this is a good deal, and it is of course intended to encourage you to pay up in advance. The more people pay in advance, the fewer checks I have to process, and the more the Club's "working capital" position is improved. In Issue 7 I hinted that a dues reduction might be possible, and here it is. Now, take the two bucks you'll save, buy a few stamps and some paper, or a roll of film, and send me something to print. (An exception to the general dues reduction is two or three of the overseas multi-year rates, which I found were too low based upon current postage rates; these have been revised slightly upward to bring them into line with the balance of the dues structure.)

Now, to those members who sent me checks recently to renew their memberships, despite my having told everybody at least twice not to do that: tough apples, dudes, you're not going to get the two bucks back, and it's your own fault.

Approximately two-thirds of the memberships will expire on August 31. If you are among the two-thirds, you will receive a Renewal Notice shortly, if, indeed, you have not already.

If your membership expires on August 31, this is the last issue you will receive until you pay up.

Most magazines will carry a subscriber for two or three months after expiration in the hope that a renewal will eventually come in. As we all know, however, The Torque Tube ain't like most magazines. To ensure an uninterrupted supply of whatever it is this publication supplies, cough up your money promptly, please.

If your membership does not expire this year, you will nevertheless receive an Application/Roster Info Form with a request that you take a few minutes to complete and return it. These forms will provide the data base for the 1993 Roster and all of the Club's records, and it is considerably easier for me, who must keep track of all this, if I have a new form from each member each year.

If giving up five minutes of your time and 30¢ of your money seems like too much for you, consider this: in the preceding eight years, I have probably spent well over 5,000 hours on the Club, plus hundred, or perhaps thousands, of dollars of my own money that I never bothered to charge you for. If I can do that, then, by gosh, you can do a little something for me. Please cooperate.



• COVERS •



FRONT COVER: The fender-mounted spare wheel that some of you love so well is here pictured in a fine photo by Harry Logan (#651). This is a 40 or 60-series car. How do I know? On the 80 and 90 the wheel sits deeper in the fender and consequently does not have the "BUICK" monogram.

BACK COVER: Photo by Bill Shipman (#617); somewhere in Maine, a crumbling stone wall, a long-unused dirt road, and a car abandoned to the ravages of time. "Man marks the earth with ruin...." Can it be saved?



BAGGED AGAIN

The first federal study of air bags in actual crashes was released in June. The results may surprise you: air bags prevented fatalities in 26 out of 100 front-end collisions, and worked to that extent only because most of the "victims" were wearing their seat belts. That is to say, in terms of death-prevention the air bag is 74% ineffective if one uses the seat belt and considerably more ineffective if one doesn't.

It is clear that in side and rear impact collisions, air bags make very little or no difference.

Consumer Reports 1992 Annual Auto Issue says that the air bag "markedly reduces chances of injury or death in frontal crash", that they have "proven reliability" and are "strongly recommended." Doesn't sound like that to me. I wonder what reports Consumer Reports reads.

The whole air bag hoopla is typical of what is wrong with American society — or more precisely, one of the myriad of things that are wrong. First, some guy invents a "safety" device and convinces the do-gooders and sob-sisters to lobby the federal government in favor of said device. Then the civil service government, which is full of people who believe they were put on this earth to save all the rest of us from the consequences of our own ignorance, stupidity, and folly, begins to pump for it, and the politicians, who don't want to be seen as against "highway safety," get on board. The



A beautiful 1937 Century sport coupe in Samarra Beige, just completed by Chuck VanKoten (#388) of Napa, California. (Photo by Harry Logan (#65)).

auto makers oppose the idea for a while, but when they sense that the political wind has gotten strong and that there may be some money to be made, they're with it too, and suddenly their TV pitchmen are crooning its virtues.

So with the air bag. A driver's-side air bag adds as much as \$800 to the "sticker" price of a new car, and on a few of the upper-scale models they are "standard." Even on a \$20,000 car that's a good chunk o' change, folks: four percent of the car's price. For what? A device that John Q. Public thinks will enable him to walk away from a head-on at 50 per, but which is very likely to have no such result: the odds are three to one against it.

I'll bet the Big Three clear two or three hundred bucks on each air bag sold, maybe more. I'll bet they also have inserted in each owner's manual some artfully-written gobbledegook to the effect that the air bag might do you some good in a frontal collision, but then again it might not; however, you have been a fine, brave, and smart fellow to buy it nevertheless. The purposes of such gobbledegook are of course: (a) to divert your attention from the fact that you have been snookered and price-gouged; and (b) to wave around in defending the product-liability wrongful death action your heirs and assigns may bring in the event "might not" becomes "did not."

It seems to me that a sort of Unholy Alliance of the do-gooders, the bureaucrats, the politicians, and the auto makers has stung us again. If you are a reasonably careful, sober, and halfway skillful driver, your chances of being involved in a head-on collision are pretty small; if you are involved in one, however, there's only about a one-in-four chance that the air bag will keep you from going to your Final Reward. Is that worth \$800? (I know that there are some who would contend that the possibility of saving even a few lives is worth whatever it may cost, but in my book that is an emotional response that cannot withstand the cold light of logic and economic reality.) Maybe it is; maybe it isn't. I would have no problem with the whole business if: (a) air bags were truly optional — that is, the purchaser could get a car without them about as easily as with them; and (b) the facts regarding their effectiveness were clearly presented. In such a case, the purchaser could make a real choice, based upon what is important to him or her. However, (a) is not the case: because they sell very well and, like most "options", are more profitable than the base car itself, air bags are included in more and more cars shipped from the factories, and as time goes on it will be harder and harder to find cars (ordinary sedans, anyway) without them in dealer inventory. (Yeah, you could special-order a car and wait six to eight weeks, but who does that any more?) And, in the 1997 model year, five years hence, air bags will be required equipment on new cars, and you won't have a choice, thanks to the People Who Know What's Best For You. For confirmation that (b) is not the case either, I give you The Insurance Institute for Highway Safety (pretty clear where they're coming from) and Traffic Safety Now, a group financed by the auto industry, both of which say there is widespread misunderstanding about the effectiveness of air bags.

One more thing: The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration has received well over 100 complaints that air bags themselves caused various serious injuries, including burns and broken bones. That's not a lot, but how many others did not complain? So far, no federal study of that.



THANKS

Several months ago we published a story by Bill Denney (#863), one of our comrades in Australia. This told how Bill had dragged out of somewhere in the "outback," the wreck of a '37 Century four-door convertible missing numerous of its parts, including such necessities as seats and wheels, and was trying to make it into a car again. Bill pleaded for some help, and has run several Parts Wanted ads since that time. He and I have also engaged in a bit of correspondence off and on, and I have given what advice I could. The following is an excerpt from a letter I received from Bill a few weeks ago.

"I would welcome your crediting on my behalf the following members who have assisted me with advice since I portrayed my position 'behind the 8-ball.' These are Ron Dent, Lou Wildt, David Bylsma and John Maier. To hell with all those who didn't respond to my letters with U.S. SASE. John Maier, a complete stranger to me, after I wrote (at your suggestion) inquiring after sidemount retainers, sent me a great letter. He'd read in The Torque Tube my article, and what searching for parts lay ahead, and he advised that a parcel was following at 'no cost,' and to accept it as a 'gesture towards the cause.' When it arrived recently, there was a retainer, locking nut and key, ready to put on. That man shall be suitably rewarded; we're talking about a \$60 gesture."

My thanks also to all who have helped Bill Denney in the true spirit of an organization for the mutual benefit of its members. And to those who ignored his requests, even though it would have cost them nothing to reply: shame on you all!

VANITY

As many of you will recall, I have a continuing fascination with "vanity" license plates and "bumper stickers." Many of these strike me as unremarkable (especially the bumper stickers with lettering too small to be read from more than three feet away) or even downright silly, but occasionally there come before me messages that provoke a more deeply-felt reaction.

On a red Corvette, this:

NO CURE

One can only smile sympathetically at this rueful admission that, for addiction to expensive toys, there may well be no cure.

Some years ago, the Supreme Court in its wisdom struck down the centuries-old ban on advertising by lawyers. This has led to actions by some of my colleagues at the bar that I consider unseemly, to say the very least. One such practitioner of the unseemly is a well-known plaintiff's personal injury lawyer in Columbus, who has this:

ISUE4U

If this is not calculated to bring the legal profession into worse repute than it already has, it is at the least silly, maybe idiotic.

Years ago I read a story about a fellow in (I think) Las Vegas who got a vanity plate reading "NONE." Some time later a police officer appeared with a warrant for his arrest as a "scofflaw" with several hundred unpaid parking tickets. The poor fellow

protested his innocence. Eventually it turned out that he had been credited with all the parking fines for all the vehicles in Nevada that had been stolen and then left somewhere sans the plates originally on them, all the dealer demonstrator cars that had been parked illegally, and all the junkers and beaters that had no license plates because their owners just didn't feel like bothering. (Confronted with an illegally-parked car without license plates, the ticket-writer would of course enter "none" on the form.) Needless to say, this guy abandoned his vanity plate forthwith.

FROM THE BUICK MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER 1936



ROUGHBREDS ONLY. Elwood W. Sachsenmaier, president of the Lark-Silk Hosiery Mills, Charlotte, North Carolina, whose hobby is racing, appropriately purchased a 1937 Buick Roadmaster. He owns the "Roman Soldier."



MONEY Saver. Ernest Hornberger, Akron, Ohio, reports remarkably economical operation of his 1937 Buick Special. "To say that I am more than pleased with the whole performance of this 1937 Buick, including the radio, would be putting it mildly." *LB*



LOVE'S SELECTION. Hal Roach, famous Hollywood producer, decided "Buick Again." Owner of a 1936 Buick, he was an early buyer of a 1937



BACK WITH BUICK. Says William F. Mason, Detroit, Michigan: "I started with three Buicks, then followed with eight other cars. Now, 'It's Buick Again,' and, as far as I am concerned, it's Buick ever after." *LB*



DE'S ORDER. The first 1937 Buick delivered in Memphis, Tennessee, to Mrs. C. Lamb Wood, wife of Dr. C. Lamb Wood, prominent physician.



ONLY BUICK COULD STAND THE STRAIN. That is what Frank C. Pickard, retired railroader, said when he bought a 1937 model. He spends much of his time touring and runs up a high mileage total. His home is at Buffalo, New York.

For YOUTH *under the sun*



Buick Special Series Forty Five-Passenger Convertible Phaeton (plain back), Model No. 40-C

WHEREVER youth gathers, wherever the unclouded sun shines on scenes of thrill-packed action or happy leisure, there you'll find the perfect setting for the Buick Special Convertible.

You can picture its sleek bonnet pushed close to the polo field as thoroughbreds race and mallets click in a final breathless chukker.

You can see it poised with urbane assurance where smart cabanas dot the golden sands.

You can imagine it swooping with buoyant ease up steep mountain trails, top down, so that you can drink in the whole gorgeous panorama of towering peaks.

The college campus, the country club, and the hunt meet will hail its jaunty, carefree comradeship.

Under this long hood, in the trim 100-horsepower Buick Valve-in-Head engine is the impetuous spirit of thoroughbred horsepower, smooth, eager, tireless, yet tractable to the slightest hint.

The gleaming chromium of radiating wheel, lamps, and louvers, the massive door handles, the smartly sloped window screen—all accent the long, low lines of the colorful body.

The top folds easily and neatly back while windows disappear into doors, give unhampered freedom. Just quickly, they come back again to provide snug comfort on cool nights.

Upholstery is genuine leather. Bedfords, cord, or novelty cloth. And all the fittings have a swank and youthful flair.

Seats are wide, and there is ample leg room even for six-footers in both front and rear compartments. A jumbo luggage compartment takes care of golf bags, bathing suits, traveling bags, or other equipment.

Companions to this Buick Special Series Forty Phaeton are the new Series Sixty and Series Eighty Phaetons, large, roomier, more powerful; and the Series Forty and Series Sixty Convertible Coupes.

One of these Buicks is meant for you if yours is the carefree spirit of youth.



ABOVE: Buick Special Series Forty Four-Passenger Convertible Coupe (with top down), Model 46-C

RIGHT: Buick Series 80C Roadmaster Six-Passenger Convertible Phaeton (trunk back), with top slightly lowered and fastened, Model 80-C. The car pictured is giving great pleasure to Owner Fred Allen, crack golfer of Rochester, New York, and his fiancée, Miss Dorothy May, shown at the wheel.



Adventures in the Big Sky Country

By Jerry O. Barton (#281)

After reading the article "Buyin' and Sellin' and Travellin' On" in THE TORQUE TUBE,* I said to myself, "Hell, here is something I know about. I could write an article about something I had done in the way of "Buyin' and Sellin' and Travellin' On".

But what to relate?

The first Buick? The rusty '47 Roadmaster convertible that I gave \$80.00 for?

The '37 coupe from eastern Washington?

How about the '47 sedanette, covered with ash from Mt. St. Helens?

The Labor Day weekend trip to Enis, Montana for another '37 coupe?

Nothing seemed to work. So why not try something current? How about the '37 Roadmaster convertible coupe?

I deal in Buick literature as a hobby and had a couple of booths at the '91 Buick National. As usually happens, a number of people came up to the booth with things to sell. An old guy came around and asked if I had anything for '37. I showed him everything I had, which is very little because '37 is probably the best selling literature I have. I couldn't sell him anything, but we did get into a conversation about our respective cars. He has a number of old Buicks, including three '37 Roadmaster convertible coupes, in various stages of restoration. I asked if any of the convertibles were for sale. All I could get was a "Maybe" for an answer. I did manage to get his name and phone number.

Upon returning from Sacramento, California, where the Buick National Meet was held, I thought more of the old man and the '37 convertibles, so I gave him a call. Yes, he might sell one of the '37's. He invited my wife and me to visit him and his wife in their home in the Rocky Mountains of Montana. We, of course, accepted.

The next problem was money, lots of money. Really, it wasn't that bad. I had had money invested in Kuwait, but managed to get it out before Saddam ravaged the country. (I wish I could have done the same for my shoe business in Manilla). Between my banker, lawyer, accountant and Mafia brother-in-law, I was able to procure a shoe box full of cash.

My wife and I left Seattle by jet from SeaTac the following Saturday for Montana. We were met at the airport by the old gentleman and his charming wife. He suggested we have lunch before heading out to their place, as it was quite a stretch out to the ranch. After lunch, we threw our luggage into their new Roadmaster wagon and headed out.

Now, everyone knows Montana is known as "The Big Sky Country", but I don't think I have ever, in my whole life, seen such beautiful, wide-open, see-forever country

*See Vol. IX No. 8, p. 7.

as I saw that day. The Roadmaster rolled gently to the singing tires on the hot blacktop of the highway as we consumed miles with the brain-numbing ease of a somnambulist. Of course, I fell asleep.

The crunch of gravel under the tires woke me with a start. The scene was like a still-life picture from the '40s or '50s. A paint-peeling, stove-pipe-leaning, broken-windowed, screen-door-banging, two-pump gas station and mashed-potato-and-roast-beef Mom and Pop, six-stool, three-booth linoleum-floored diner. A big red-and-cream-colored sign said "Conoco", another above the diner door proclaimed in bold hand-painted letters "EATS." Not much choice.

The feet under an ageless International pickup that was jacked up under the lean-to garage transformed themselves into a string bean of greasy coveralls, welder's cap, two white eyeballs, and a dangling cigarette. "Fill it up?" "Might as well, we still got a ways to go. Lets have a cup of coffee and a piece of pie." The lunch we'd had back at the airport was wearing pretty thin so we all went in and filled up on home-made peach cobbler, ice cream and boiled-on-a-woodstove coffee. Heavenly!

By the time we were on the road again it was near dark. We were headed up a long valley toward the mountains, where the sun was imperceptibly climbing the snow-flecked Rockies.

In this relaxing atmosphere, the old man began a reminiscence of his earlier days. Evidently, his father had owned an insurance company in northeastern Montana. When a car was wrecked or recovered from being stolen, he would buy it if it was an unusual or interesting car. Needless to say, over the years, he was able to accumulate a sizeable collection of cars, which he stored in garages and barns scattered all over the county. When the old man was about 10 years old, his dad bought a wheat farm just outside of town. This would be the ideal place to store the cars. It was right after World War II and there were a lot of war-surplus quonset huts on the market, so he started erecting these on the farm and filling them with cars. Everything was going along fine until the old man was 22, when his father died of a heart attack.

The old man inherited the business, farm, cars and everything else. The business prospered, the farm made money, the cars multiplied and the American dream rolled on. But the dream wasn't quite what he wanted. By the time he was nearing 50 he decided to chuck it all and move to the mountains.

He did save thirty-two of his favorite cars, thirteen of which were Buicks, including the three '37 convertibles. One could say he was now living the true American dream.

Darkness had completely engulfed our steel and rubber capsule, lighted and warmed from within, filled with soft lonesome music by Hank Williams Sr. from the exquisite stereo and six speakers.

We turned onto a secondary blacktop road, which after a few miles turned to gravel, which after a few more miles was blocked by an ornate wrought iron gate. "That gate is one of the first things I made when we moved up here" he said, as the gate swung open automatically, activated by a couple of taps on the Buick's horn. From there it was a short drive to the front entry of a log house.

A quick tour of the house, a last cup of coffee and it was off to bed.

Some of you may be able to sleep through the smell of sausages sizzling in their own sauces, but I sure can't. Throw in the clink of glass on glass from the Pyrex coffee maker, the sensation of biscuits trying to pop out of the oven, you couldn't keep me in bed with the latest TORQUE TUBE!

Well, believe it or not, we did finally get around to the purpose of our visit, cars. When he built this place, the old man had it all planned and laid out before he ever started to build. The house was built on an outcropping of boulders, at the head of a valley, with a spring fed stream dancing through it. Directly behind the house started the garages and storage buildings. Every structure was metal, every floor concrete, every space between blacktop, the whole impervious to weather.

The first building next to the house, the garage, was like the house, made of logs, the only outbuilding to be so constructed. Inside was housed the Roadmaster wagon, a Mercedes-Benz town car, for formal affairs, and whatever old car they wanted to drive. At this time it was a 1929 Cadillac touring car.

The next building was the shop. What can I say? Imagine everything you could ever want in a work area, double that, and it still wouldn't come close to this bit of Valhalla.

The next six buildings were twins to each other, forty by sixty, ten-foot walls, six inches thick, 3/4 inch plywood and aluminum-sided with corrugated steel roofing. Three twelve-foot roll-up doors covered the front. Inside, each was sheet-rocked and insulated. There was electric forced-air heat, backed up by a wood furnace.

Each building contained ten cars; he had picked up a few since moving there. Every car in every building was an individual entity with it's own story to tell. (I know you're saying, "Get on, get on, where the hell are the '37 Buicks?", but it's my story, I'll tell it as I see fit). Five buildings and fifty histories later, we were about to open the last locked door. Sweet Jesus, I thought, the quest is nearly ended.

As the first roll-up door went up with well-maintained ease, the plain, but elegant, front bumper, adorned with three upright, neo-classic bumper guards, standing at West Point attention, snapped quickly into view.

Can one word describe a '37 Buick grille? No? How about two words? No? Maybe three? No? So be it.

Atop each front fender flashed the milky white lenses of stark stylistic fender lights.

A tiny splash of chrome introduced the hood ornament. No gaudy "Cormorant", "Lindy", "Moto Meter" or "Goddess" would adorn this sleek beauty. A modernistic, art deco, mid-thirties piece of jewelry to be worn as proudly as if it were a Bulova.

The next door was opened and there stood another '37, facing out, ready to go, a twin to the first. The third '37 was revealed after the last door was opened, parked sideways, more than filling the opening with it's long, low, beauty and graceful lines.

While I was admiring the cars, the old man told me what little there was to tell about them.

Evidently, during the Great Depression, there was a small town in eastern Montana whose one bank remained solvent through bad times. Consequently, the owner was quite well off and didn't suffer the misfortunes that some others did. He was blessed with a lovely wife and six healthy children, three beautiful daughters and the youngest, triplet sons.

When each daughter graduated from high school, she was given a new car. The boys graduated in 1937 so each received a 1937 Buick Roadmaster convertible coupe.

The boys drove the cars until 1941. When war broke out, they joined the Navy. The cars were stored in the barn on one of the properties owned by the father, awaiting their safe return. Unfortunately, they never returned. All three were killed in the invasion of Iwo Jima.

The banker died in 1957. His wife having passed away earlier, the estate went to the daughters, who, not being interested in any of the property, contracted to have everything liquidated, the cars to be sold at auction.

The old man was high bidder on the first '37 Buick. He decided to exercise his option as high bidder to buy the other two. They have been in his possession since. I hoped to change that.

After a short interval for lunch, the sparring began. He knew what I wanted, but I had no idea of what he was willing to part with, and what it would cost me. He said he would sell me the car of his choice at his price. I went to our room to get the shoe box. I returned with the money, and threw the box away.

He waited until after lunch to tell me which car he would sell me. It didn't make much difference as they were all three pretty much equal in all respects.

We rolled out my car and shut the doors on the other two. (Could that be another story?) We checked the water, oil, air, brakes, battery and everything else that we felt needed attention. The battery had been getting a charge while we had been checking the rest of the car, so we felt it was time to crank it up. The six-volt system didn't seem strong enough for the job as it labored to crank that big eight, but when I gave the carburetor a small shot of starting fluid, (not recommended), it popped twice and started. After blowing a few scorpions and a mouse out the exhaust pipe, we set it at fast idle and let it run for awhile, as we watched the gauges and checked for leaks. Everything seemed in order, so the old man said, "Let's take her for a spin, I'll drive."

Any one of us knows that the next best thing to driving a '37 Buick is riding in one, so I let my wife in first, then let myself slide onto the rich, red, leather seat. The door shut with a heavy "thunk" as we rolled with effortless ease down the driveway. We drove around for about a half-hour then came back, gassed up, and parked by the front door, all ready to go the next morning.

Needless to say, I hardly slept that night.

We were all up early the next morning for a hearty breakfast, a few thank yous, good lucks, have a nice trip, drive carefully, and prophetically, don't get lost. We were on our way, richer by far, from having made two new friends.

The road home, to say the least, was rocky.

Our first mistake was to turn right at the main road instead of left. It was an honest mistake. I was completely wrapped up in driving and making sure everything was operating properly, and my wife was in charge of the road map. 'Nuff said.

It didn't really dawn on me that we were heading in the wrong direction until about 11:00 o'clock when the sun broke through the overcast. My hand was reaching to pull the visor down to shield my eyes when an alarm went through my brain, "Why the hell are we headed east?"

I tried to look at it philosophically, we had plenty of time, the credit cards were not maxed out, and we had never been in eastern Montana.

Having never been in eastern Montana is an experience in itself. Words could never describe it. I will say though, after looking at the map, from where we were it was 200 miles to anywhere. At least that was the name of the closest town. We drove for five hours through the most desolate landscape I have ever seen. The only relief from the boredom was an early fall sciff of snow which blew across the road like ghosts from the Canadian prairies from which it originated.

We finally got to town? Town was a main street about four blocks long, flanked on each side by businesses. It was named "Anywhere", but it should have been named "Nowhere". The signs lighted were "Ma's Cafe", "Hotel", and "Chevron". Everything we needed. I figured I had better take care of the car first, so we pulled into the Chevron station.

Someone at Corporate Chevron sure screwed up on this one. Who would ever expect to find a twelve-pump, three-bay, completely modern service station way out here in the middle of the desert? But here it was. As I filled the tank, the owner added two quarts of oil and checked the water. We talked about old cars for a while before I asked if he knew of anywhere I could park the car under cover and locked up for the night. "Of course" he said. I could put it in his garage next to his house, which was on the lot next to the station. We got the car put away, thanked the owner, got our luggage, and walked across the street to the hotel.

After putting our things away, we headed for the cafe. When I was a little kid, my dear departed old daddy imparted to me a few things to guide my life by, such as "Don't play cards with a man who wears a green eye shade", "Don't poke sticks at a junk yard dog", and "Don't eat in a 'Mom's Cafe'". So far in my life I have managed to live by his words, but at that time it was "Mom's" or go hungry. I knew as soon as we stepped into the place, his words would haunt me. I'll spare the reader the gory details.

From the window of the hotel room I could look across the street and see the shed where the '37 was put away for the night. After a hot shower and the late news on the T.V., I was ready for some solid Z's. My wife said she would stay up awhile. As soon as my head hit the pillow, I was snoring.

The next thing I was aware of was my wife jumping out of bed and hollering something about a fire. I knew it wasn't the hotel, because my wife had pulled the covers from the bed and I was freezing.

I jumped up and ran to the window where my wife was standing, looking tearfully across the street. I didn't even have to look. I knew what it was. I went back to bed, laid on my back and stared at the ceiling.

Presently she came to bed. I put my arms around her and said, "Don't worry, everything will be O.K."

"But the car is gone."

"I know."

"What will we do?"

"Nothing".

"What the hell do you mean nothing?"

"Just what I said, nothing."

"Well, you don't seem too worried about it."

"I'm not."

"Why in hell aren't you?"

"Because any damn fool knows that Buick didn't make a Roadmaster convertible coupe in 1937."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Every now and then, I receive something from one of our members that leaves me virtually speechless — believe me, that's hard to do — and the receipt of Jerry's story was one such occasion. All the way through, on the first reading, I didn't know what to make of it: is this believable, or isn't it? "I'm right that there's no such thing as a Roadmaster convertible coupe, at least I think I am, but there's such an air of real experience about what he's saying...." Finally, I had to cheat and go to the end before I'd read through the middle. Maybe you did, too.

Jerry said he was afraid it might offend some people, but I didn't see how it could, and thought it absolutely needed publication in any event, because it was so beautifully done. Jerry also said that it took him nine months to finish, and I can believe that. The only editorial work I did was the correction of some spelling and typos, and a little bit of syntax here and there. Can he do it again? I hope so, but I'm sure it will be a while; few of us can spill out creations like that one after another.

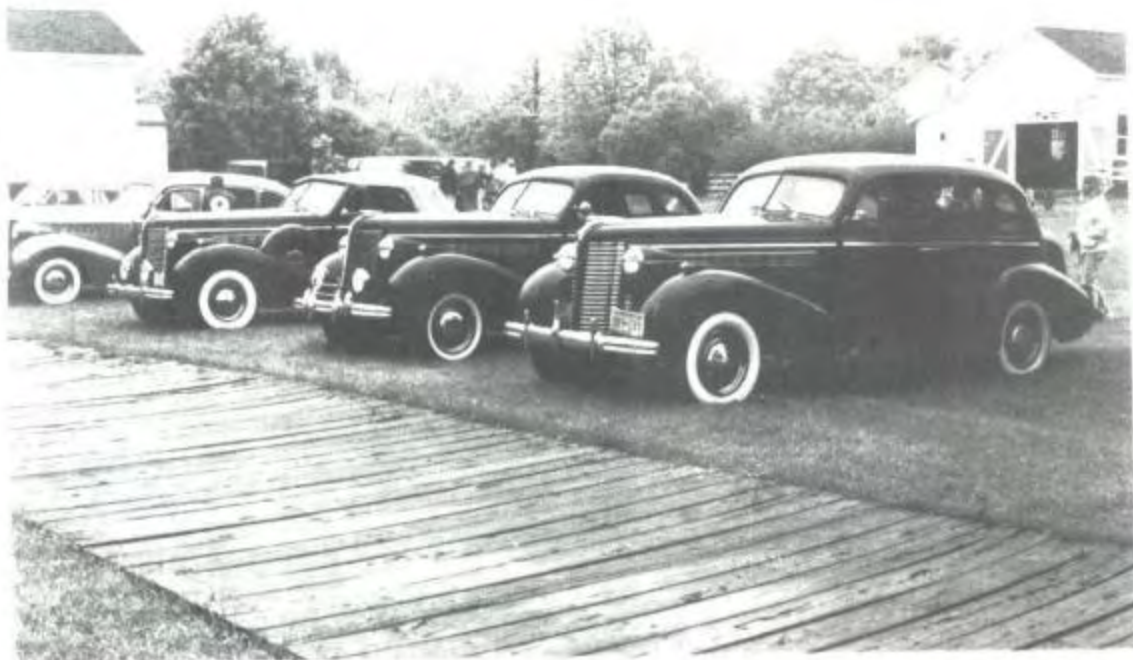
If there had been a '37 Roadmaster convertible coupe, what would it have looked like? No doubt like a '37 Cadillac series 70 convertible — the series 70 Caddy had the same wheelbase as the '37 80-series Buicks (131 inches), and despite having a "Fleetwood" body instead of a "Fisher," probably used some of the same or very similar body panels. Unfortunately, I don't have a picture of one — maybe some reader does and can share it with us.



Eastern Club Meet & Tour



Paul Clark's (#774) 1937 Special at Crossroads Village. Paul won a "People's Choice" in balloting by other visitors to the Village that day. No one, including Paul, could really figure out why they liked him, as all the '37s at the Meet were about the same. Maybe it was because he had the only green car. (Photo by Dan McLaughlin (#466).)



Some more shots of the Eastern Club Meet at Crossroads Village. The boys are trying to figure out why Jesse Cahue's (#719) 1938 Special won't go faster than 50. The final consensus was lousy carburetor rebuild. (Photos by John Huffman (#623).)





Jim and Mary Rider's (#903) 1938 Century pulling off the four-car cable ferry at Ironton, Michigan on the Club's Michigan Tour. (Photo by Dan McLaughlin (#466).)



Bob and Archie Mitchell's (#946) 1937 Special at Castle Farms on the Club's Michigan Tour. (Photo by Dan McLaughlin (#466).)



Very nearly original '38 Special driven to the Meet in Flint by Dave and Carolyn Wettersten (#887), all the way from Minneapolis. (Photo by Dan McLaughlin (#466).)



THE ART DECO STYLE

By Jim Flack (#499)

I am fascinated to read in the Torque Tube about the individual members of the '37-'38 Buick Club and their cars. I am particularly interested in those stories which describe the way members enjoy their vehicles either as a restoration work in progress, as a show vehicle, or as a driver on the road. I am also very interested in the various reasons why each member has selected his/her 1937 or 1938 Buick to own. Some members were born during these years, some remember a parent or relative owning a particular Buick model, and others have re-acquired the favorite Buick of their youth. We certainly seem to be a diverse group.

For myself, my interest in '37 and '38 Buicks has nothing to do with automotive experiences from my past or from any of my relatives' history. Rather, it is a result of my enthusiasm for the Art Deco era and the objects from that time frame which are representative of that era. I am an active member of the Art Deco Society of California and I am an avid collector and preservationist. My wife, Rachel, and I live in a home which was designed and built between 1937 and 1938 in the Art Deco style and much of our furniture also comes from this era. It is not surprising, then, that we own both a 1937 and 1938 Buick.

Perhaps some of the members would be interested to learn more about the Art Deco era. I find that my appreciation of my Buicks is enhanced through an understanding of the time period in which these marvelous examples of modern transportation were created. Many objects from 1925 to 1939 embody a progressive streamline style which was a reflection of the emerging optimism and confidence in man's newly acquired scientific and industrial prowess. Electric light, phonograph, aircraft, radio, and television were all rapidly evolving technologies which seemed to be ushering in a new utopian age.

The contemporaneous names for Art Deco style were Modernism, Streamline Modern, Art Moderne, or the International Style. Today's usage of the name "Art Deco" refers to an abbreviation of the name of an art exhibition in Paris in 1925 which became a focal point for the emergence of this design trend internationally. The influence of this new trend in art and design affected most of Europe and began to migrate north to Scandinavia and west to America. Almost any type of object could provide a medium for an industrial designer to express this new modern style. Toasters and teapots and all manner of objects were designed with a harmony of form and function representing both efficiency and elegance.

The depression years of 1930-34 affected not just America but almost all of the western world. The after-effects of the "crash" both dampened the optimistic spirit which was the foundation for the modern style and limited many of the opportunities to have these new designs produced. This economic crisis also created the opportunity for radical political changes, particularly in Germany. By 1933, the political changes in Germany began to influence the whole of Europe. Armed militia forcibly closed the Bauhaus school of art and architecture in Germany in 1933. Social optimism and interest in Art Moderne abruptly ended for much of Europe.

However, America remained insulated by the Atlantic Ocean from the turmoil of war throughout the late 1930's and gradually regained its industrial confidence and social optimism following the depression. American contribution to the Art Deco Style reached its peak of sophistication in the years 1937 and 1938. In the late 1930's, America was a young and robust industrial power that was emerging from the depression and was looking forward to the future. Mass production was on the rise again and the public found modern designs and modern materials to be very appealing. The automobile was, perhaps, the most expressive form of industrial and social optimism in the late 1930's.

The invasion of Poland in 1939 and the fearful prospect of a second world war finally brought America's optimism about the future to an abrupt end. Elegance and harmony lost their design priority. The design themes of the 1940's took on a sense of bulk and brutishness as a reflection of industry's new role as a force in the struggle for power and dominance which was, by then, preoccupying the world. American expression of the Art Moderne period lasted only briefly.

No other vehicle better typifies the American Streamline Modern style of the late 1930's than the Buicks in 1937 and 1938. The long narrow hood, curved grille, and gracefully sculpted fenders are the epitome of streamline design. Details such as the pattern of horizontal lines found for example in the grille, on the dash board, and along the side of the hood, invoke both a feeling of movement and of industrial precision. Also, a new wave of technical and industrial innovation was being introduced to the automobile. Hydraulic brakes, torque tube, automatic transmission, radio, heater, all steel body, coil springs and tubular shocks were all recent innovations which were offered in Buick automobiles. The 1937 and 1938 Buicks represent the pinnacle of truly modern automobiles.

A beautiful example of 1930s architecture, the Park Central Hotel in the Miami Beach, Florida Art Deco Historic District. Picture your car in place of that Japanese thing, or whatever it is. (Photo by Steven Brooke from Historic Preservation, copyright Nat. Trust for Historic Preservation.)



And the 1937-38 Buicks still represent the peak of modernism. Today, when historians of art and design refer to something being "modern" they are talking about an object produced before World War 2. Any object produced after about 1940 which was designed to look modern or futuristic is today called "Post Modern" or "Post Modernism". Modernism was the new, innovative design concept which emerged in Europe in the 1920's from a feeling of confidence in industrial and scientific capability, a sense of social responsibility, and optimism for the future. Modernism, Art Moderne, Streamline Modern, or Art Deco reached its peak in the early 1930's in Europe and the late 1930's in America and then became obscured by the clouds of war. So enjoy your 1937 or 1938 Buick as a truly modern form of transportation. All these gumball shaped vehicles that are produced today are definitely not modern cars, they are simply "post modern".



EDITOR'S NOTE. I thought this piece was interesting and well worth reading, even though it is a bit different from what we usually see in these pages. "Art Deco" is the term usually used to describe what was, in my view, a group of related styles applied to various objects during the period 1925 through sometime in the 1940s. Its manifestation in architecture was somewhat different from its manifestation in vehicles, trains, and implements, and I would apply the term "modern" or "moderne" more to the late 1930s, when "streamline style" really began to catch on, than to the earlier years. However, as Jim says, many of mankind's creations during that 15 or 20 year span were infused with a common optimistic, forward-looking, self-confident approach.

Automobile styling tended to be a bit on the conservative side and radical changes were generally not successful. Among the foremost exemplars of the streamline style were the Chrysler Airflow, the '35 and '36 Hupp, the Lincoln Zephyr, and the Cord (along with the latter's ill-starred stepchildren, the Hupp Skylark and the Hollywood Graham). None of these did very well, and the '37 and '38 Buick "plain-back" or "streamline" models were not terribly successful, either. (GM did better with streamlining in the '40s, and I could not agree that these designs are "brutish.") Streamlining as applied to the railroad locomotive had mixed results also, but those that were good were brilliant. In my book, the outstanding example of this was the "Hudson" locomotive designed by Henry Dreyfuss for the New York Central's Twentieth Century Limited. The whole train, redesigned in 1938, was magnificent; I saw it perhaps four or five times as a boy, and the memory still stirs me.

"Industrial design," as Jim says, was big stuff in the 1930s, and its applications were by no means limited to apparatus as mighty as the steam locomotive: it got all the way down to the kitchen range and the pencil sharpener. To get some of the flavor of how the 1930s looked at industrial design, one might take a look at the 1932 book Horizons by Norman Bel Geddes, one of the era's leading practitioners. (There is a Dover Publications reprint of this.)

Architecture from the "moderne" era can be found in many cities, and makes a nice backdrop for car photos. Frequently these examples are public buildings; regrettably, however, many of them have been altered for the worse. Perhaps the greatest single aggregation of 1930s architecture in the U.S. is the Art Deco Historic District in Miami Beach, Florida. If you ever get to southern Florida, don't fail to take a look at this, while it's still there.



TECHNICAL TIPS



There was absolutely no inspiration for a heavy-weight technical treatise this time, so I decided not to wait longer for inspiration and risk falling hopelessly behind on what passes for our publication schedule. Instead, I have fallen back on a repeat of something we did before. The following article first appeared in Vol. VI, No. 2, roughly five years ago. Inasmuch as probably half of the membership turns over in five years, a piece that old should be new to a good number of you. It is — believe me — more than a little difficult to keep turning out original, practical, useful technical material month after month. In truth, it is probably impossible without a higher level of contribution from the members than experience suggests I can expect. So, some repetition is inevitable, and I will make no apology for it. There is no other publication I know of in this field which appears as frequently as this one and in which a single editor creates (as distinguished from merely editing) well over half of the text.

The following short introduction to ignition distributors was originally written as a companion piece to a story by Paul Culp (#508), in which Paul told how he had repaired his distributor after it had failed on the road. That story was interesting and useful, and it still exists in my archives somewhere along with some good close-up photos, but at present its precise whereabouts elude me. We can do the Culp story again if I ever find it; however, I think the following "Distributor Primer" stands well enough on its own.

A DISTRIBUTOR PRIMER

by The Editor

Paul Culp's story is not intended to be a definitive treatise on distributors. One very useful thing it does tell us is this: if you have trouble on the road with either the mechanical or vacuum advance mechanisms, they can be deactivated and the engine will still run well enough with no spark advance to get you home, or to the nearest source of help. The two advance systems work in tandem. Plugging or failure of the vacuum advance is not likely to break anything inside the distributor. However, when, as here, the mechanical advance system fails, the vacuum advance, when it tries to function, is likely to screw things up and must be shut down also.

I cannot write a definitive treatise on distributors or ignition systems either. However, I can give you a little elementary material on how they work. This, plus the diagram and part numbers taken from the Master Parts Book, and material from other sources, may help some of you to better understand Paul's story and photos.

We are of course dealing with a breaker-point system and thus — fortunately for me — can forget about electronics. In either type ignition system, however, we are dealing with two circuits: primary and secondary. The sole purpose of these is to cause high-voltage current to jump the gap between the electrodes of each spark plug with a miniature arc, to ignite the air-fuel mixture in each cylinder at precisely the right time.

The primary circuit conducts low voltage from the battery and consist of:

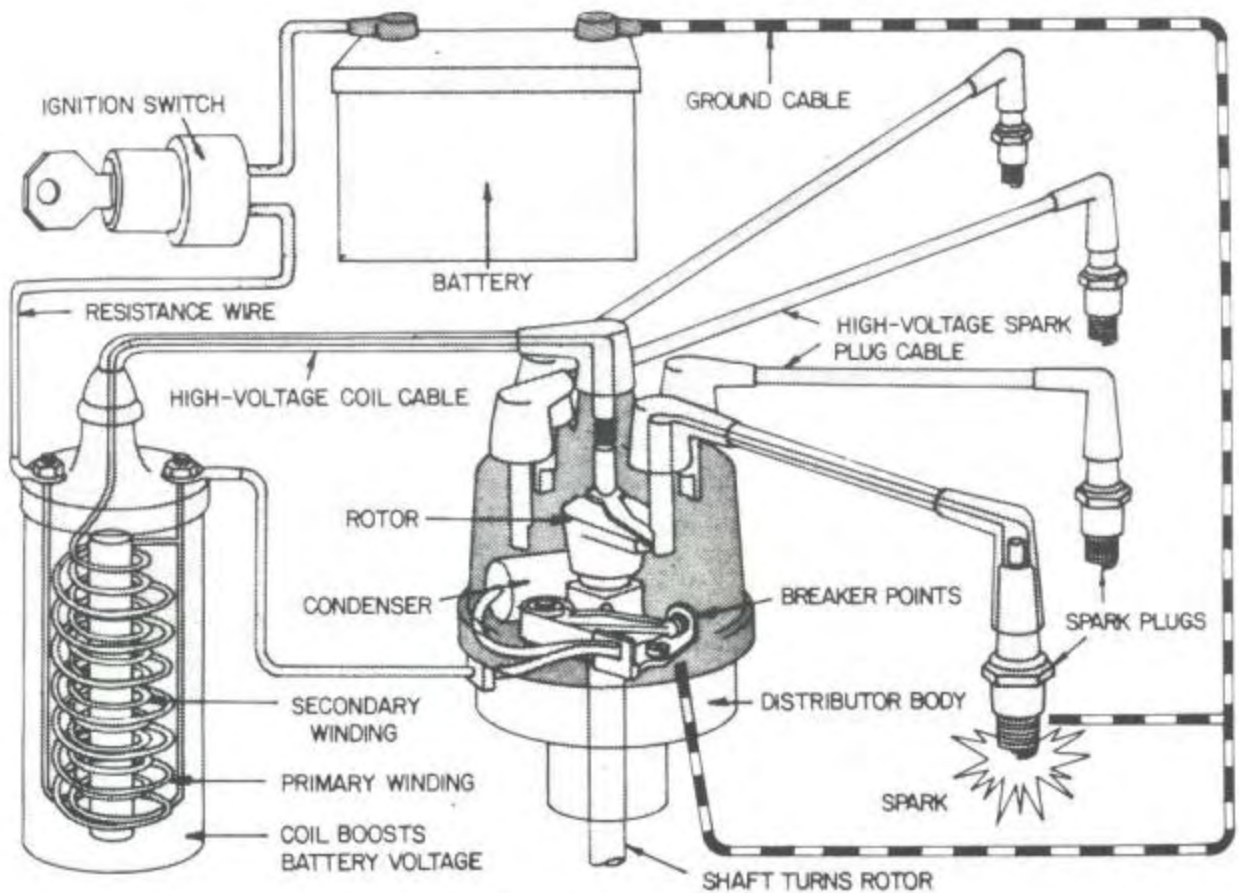
- ignition switch
- resistance wire
- ignition coil primary winding
- breaker points
- condenser

The secondary circuit consists of:

- secondary windings in the coil
- distributor cap
- rotor
- high-voltage (spark plug) cables
- spark plugs

The wiring in the secondary circuit is heavily insulated because it must conduct high-voltage ("high tension") electricity. If we recall our high school general science class, we know that voltage is akin to pressure and amperage to quantity.

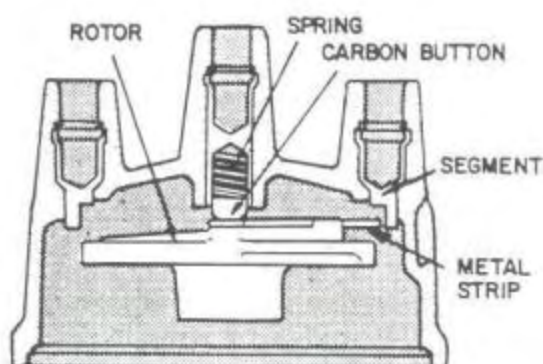
We can fill a water-gun, give a slow, gentle pull on the trigger and get only a dribble, no matter how much water the gun holds: not enough pressure. Likewise, no matter how big our battery and cables, six volts is not enough electrical "pressure" (voltage) to jump that gap in the spark plug: we need thousands of volts.



Typical point type ignition system

The function of the distributor is to distribute high-voltage current to each spark plug at the right instant. It does so, of course, by spinning a rotor past the cable terminals in the distributor cap, the rotor being mounted on a shaft driven by a gear meshing with a gear on the camshaft. When we turn the ignition switch on, current flows from the battery through the primary winding of the coil and closed breaker points to ground. The points are opened and closed by a cam on the rotating shaft.

Current flowing through the coil's primary winding creates a magnetic field around the winding. When the points open, the primary circuit is interrupted, and the magnetic field collapses. This induces an extremely high voltage in the secondary windings of the coil. This high voltage flows through a high-voltage cable from the top of the coil to the center terminal of the distributor cap, to the rotor, and thence through the terminal in the cap aligned with the rotor at that moment to a spark plug. The plug "fires," and the air-fuel mixture is ignited, forcing the piston down. The crankshaft turns, the camshaft turns, the distributor shaft turns, and the cam closes the points again. The next spark plug to fire will be the one connected to the distributor cap terminal aligned with the rotor in the position it has when the points next open.



Simple, yes? There is one remaining problem. The opening of the points tends to induce voltage in the primary winding, which we do not want, because it will arc current across the points. This arcing will burn the points quickly. To bring the primary circuit current flow to an abrupt stop and minimize the arcing, a condenser is connected across the points. The condenser is a capacitor: a device which can "soak up," store, and release voltage.

The coil is nothing more than a simple transformer: two coils of wire around a soft iron core in a hermetically sealed case. The secondary winding may have 15,000 - 30,000 turns of fine copper wire, insulated from the core and each other by a thin coating of enamel. Outside this, and insulated from it, is the primary winding, far fewer turns of much heavier copper wire.

PLEASE NOTE. Illustrations accompanying this article not labelled as "Buick Shop Manual" or "Master Parts List" are taken from a general auto reference work ("MOTOR Auto Engines and Electrical Systems" - 8th Edition). These show typical configurations and do not represent exactly any particular car.

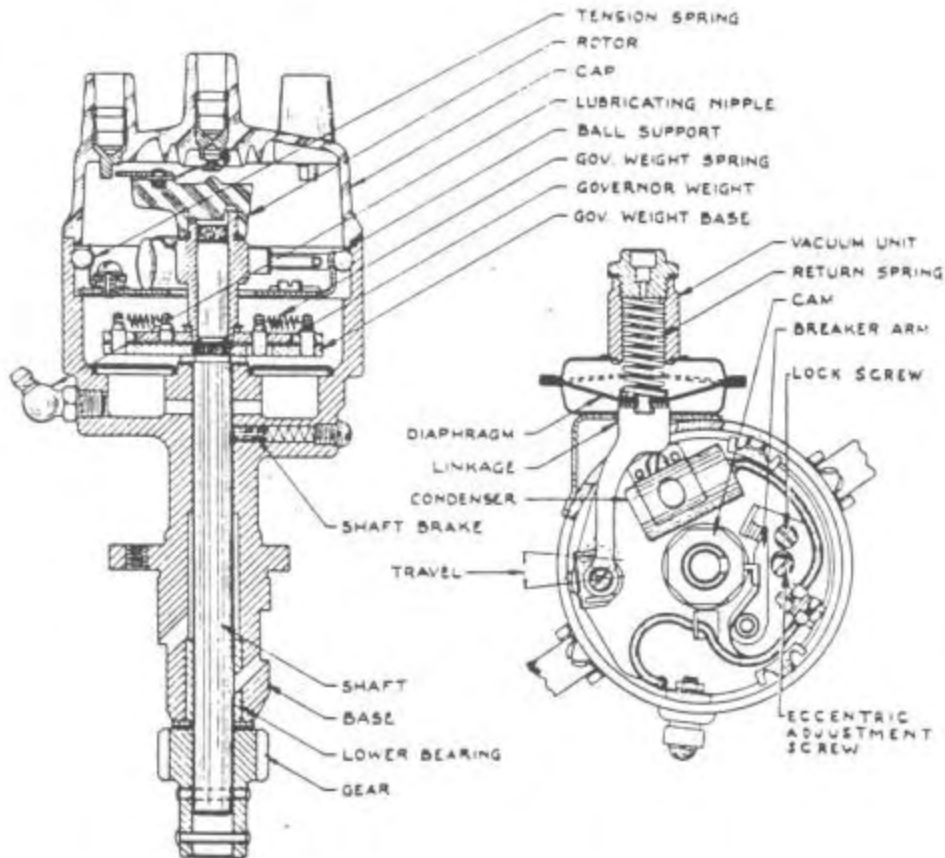


Fig. 12-21. Distributor—All Series

If the engine ran at constant speed under uniform load, this little essay would be over. But, in addition to opening and closing circuits and sending high-voltage surges out to the spark plugs, the distributor must time these surges according to engine requirements. This is done by the centrifugal (mechanical) and vacuum advance mechanisms.

The centrifugal advance mechanism responds to engine speed, advancing and retarding ignition timing by moving weights as they rotate. The base plate (see the diagram) is rigidly attached to the shaft. Two centrifugal weights are pivoted on pins attached to the base plate. The weights are held inward by small coil springs (one of these broke in Paul's story). There is a pin extending up from each weight; these engage slots in a plate welded to the base of the cam. The springs hold the weights close to the center of the distributor when the engine is idling. As engine speed increases and the base plate rotates faster, centrifugal force pulls them outward. This rotates the cam in relation to its former position, advancing the spark. That is to say, the points open a fraction of a second sooner than at idle speed, and the spark plug fires before the piston reaches top dead center (TDC). How much before is, of course, a function of how far the spark is advanced. Why do this? The answer is that at higher RPM the air-fuel mixture needs extra time to start burning if it is to start "pushing" immediately at TDC, because everything is moving so fast. When we talk about timing here, folks, we're talking millionths of a second.

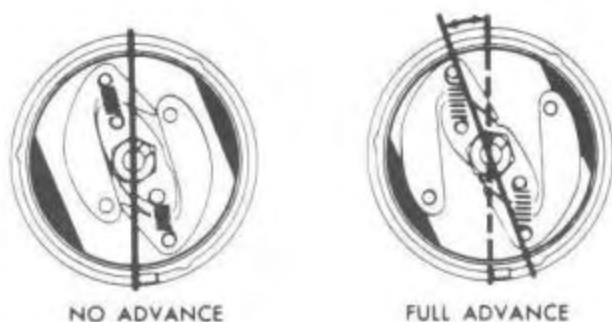
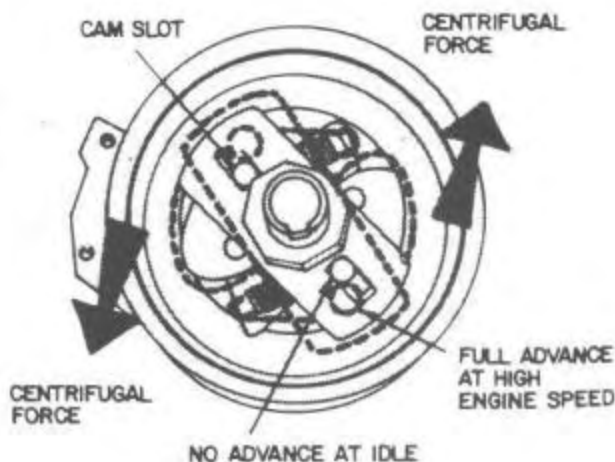


Figure 30 As engine speed increases, the centrifugal advance weights move outward and advance the timing



Engine speed is not the only reason to advance or retard spark. Load on the engine of course varies, and is not a direct function of RPM. During acceleration or under heavy load, the advance necessary to maintain maximum power is less than that required for light loads. In the '37 and '38 Buick, the centrifugal advance mechanism is designed for best full throttle operation. The increased advance for light load is furnished by the vacuum advance mechanism.

The vacuum advance consists of a unit attached to the distributor housing. Inside is a spring-loaded diaphragm connected by an arm to the breaker plate, which is mounted on ball bearings in the distributor. The unit is sealed and connected to the carburetor by a vacuum line. Increasing vacuum pulls the diaphragm back, moving the arm and the breaker plate. The points are attached to the plate, and thus their location in relation to the cam is varied in this way. (Thus, the centrifugal advance varies the orientation of the cam in relation to the points, and the vacuum advance the orientation of the points in relation to the cam.)

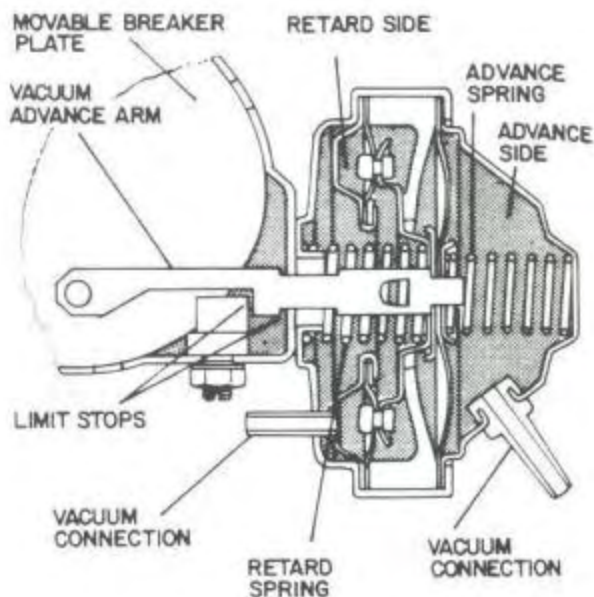


Figure 31 When vacuum is applied to the primary vacuum connection, the ignition timing is advanced, and when vacuum is applied to the secondary vacuum connection, the ignition timing is retarded

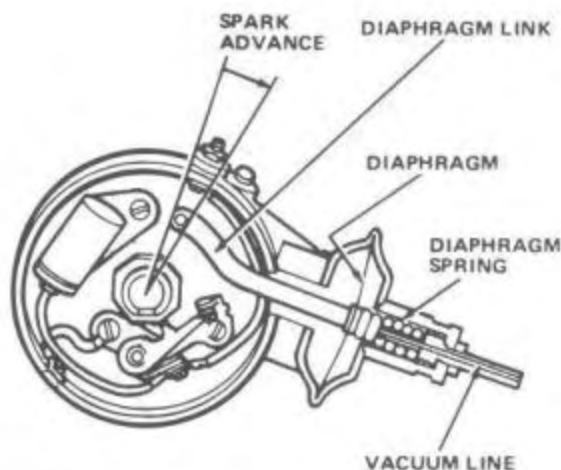


Figure 34 The vacuum advance unit varies the ignition timing according to engine speed and load

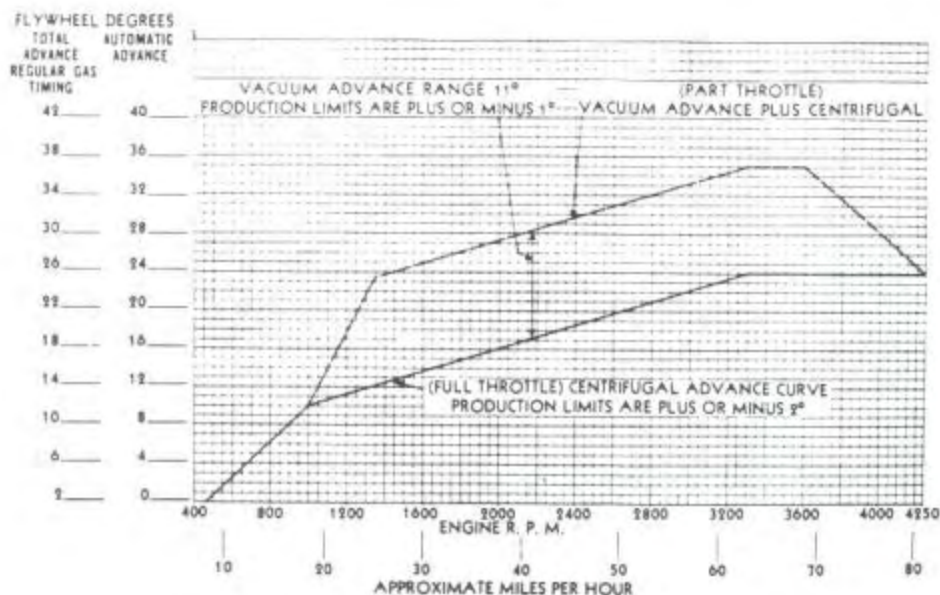
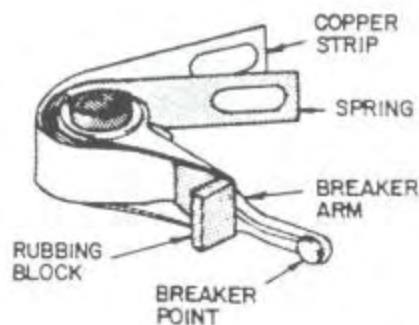
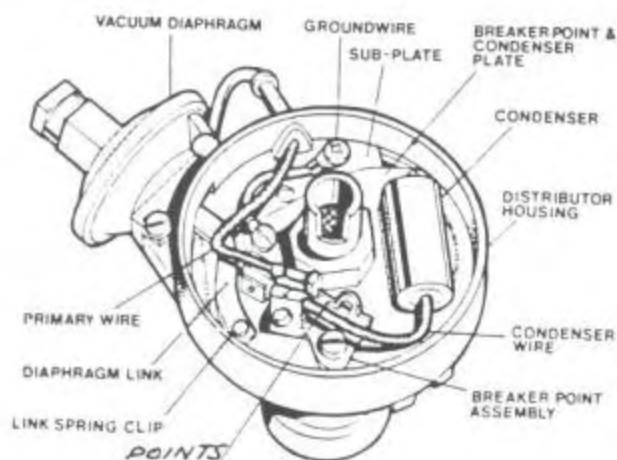


Fig. 12-20. Distributor Spark Advance—Series 40

BUICK SHOP MANUAL, 1937

The advance to obtain smooth idle should be zero. The centrifugal advance thus does not begin to function until RPM exceeds about 500. The vacuum line is connected to the carburetor throat (not the manifold) above the throttle valve ("fly"). Thus when the valve is closed (horizontal) there is little or no vacuum in the line, and it is necessary to open the throttle to the equivalent of 18 MPH to get sufficient vacuum to begin advancing the spark.

Under normal driving (part throttle) both the centrifugal and vacuum advance mechanisms are at work. Under heavy load, intake vacuum decreases: more air is entering the manifold in relation to the falling pistons' ability to pump air out of it. Under this condition, the vacuum advance is not operating and the spring in the unit pulls the breaker plate to the retard position.



Breaker arm and spring

Isn't all this simple? Not really; there's a lot I left out, but maybe some of you now understand a little better how distributors work and why. It is the automatic variation of timing that makes for a lot of the complexity. Before the introduction of this, back — way back — in the 20's and before, there was just a lever on the steering column, connected to the breaker plate by linkage, and you did it yourself. Before you crank 'er, push the lever to "Retard;" when you're chuggin' along about 35 on the level, push up to full "Advance;" start goin' up hill and you'd better start back toward "Retard" or you'll hear some awful knockin'. A lot simpler, but the automatic mechanisms do it with much greater precision, for better performance.

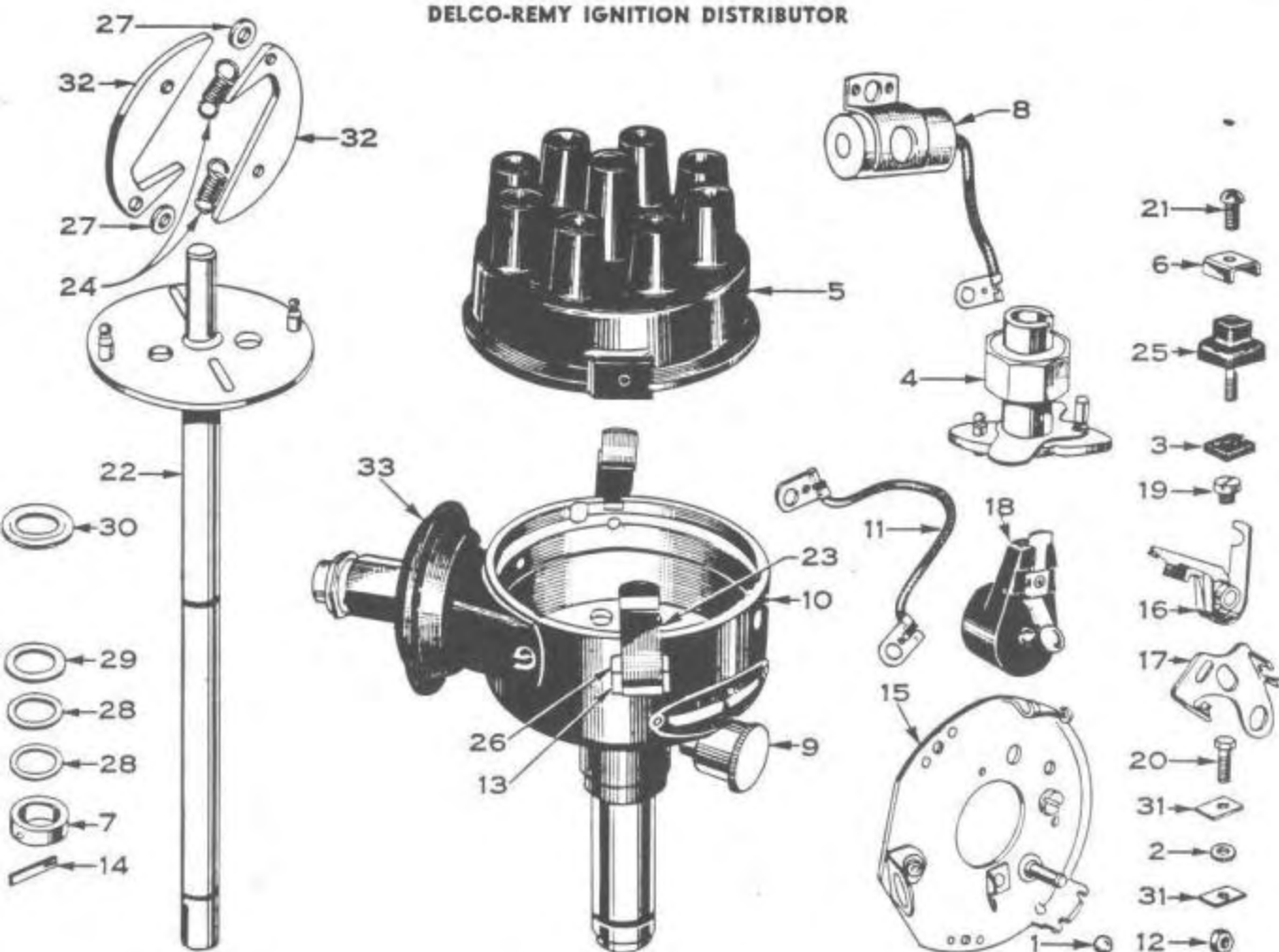
As I said, there's much more to say about ignition and timing, and there are several little pieces in the distributor we haven't talked about at all. We've hardly scratched the surface of repairing all these parts. But it's all I can do for now. Maybe more next time. Can any member contribute to this?



BUICK MASTER PARTS LIST



DELCO-REMY IGNITION DISTRIBUTOR



- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1) Breaker plate ball bearing | 18) Rotor |
| 2) Contact arm insulating bushing | 19) Attaching screw |
| 3) Terminal screw insulating bushing | 20) Attaching screw |
| 4) Cam | 21) Terminal screw |
| 5) Cap | 22) Shaft and plate |
| 6) Terminal screw channel clip | 23) Cap retaining spring |
| 7) Bushing | 24) Advance weight spring |
| 8) Condenser | 25) Terminal and bushing stud |
| 9) Grease cup ('37, '38 has fitting) | 26) Cap spring support |
| 10) Housing | 27) Advance weight washer |
| 11) Terminal connector lead | 28) Shim washer |
| 13) Cap spring pin | 29) Gear thrust washer |
| 14) Drive gear pin (gear not shown) | 30) Shaft weight plate washer |
| 15) Breaker plate | 31) Terminal stud insulating washer |
| 16-17) Points | 32) Advance weight |
| | 33) Vacuum advance assembly |

OUTSIDE MIRRORS

One member asked about outside rear-view mirrors. Outside mirrors were dealer-installed or "aftermarket" accessories. The 1928-1938 Master Chassis Parts book has a list of "factory-approved" accessories (as of January 1, 1938) and this refers to a "peep mirror." These were affixed to the rain gutter above the front vent window and have a short curved arm. Bob's Automobilia catalog lists a reproduction of the peep mirror. Also popular at the time, but not appearing in any list of "factory-approved" accessories I have seen, were the round mirrors on longer arms that clamped to the front edge of the door with set screws. These were approximately four inches in diameter. Many restorers use this type of mirror, and in my opinion there is nothing "incorrect" about this. Bob's sells a version of this also, for about \$25.

Very high quality round mirrors can be obtained from two custom suppliers, if you want to spend some money: Bernie DeWinter, 3084 Regent St., Dayton, Ohio 45409, 513/298-1143; and Jay Fisher, Acken Drive 4-B, Clark, New Jersey 07066, 201/388-6442. I bought a pair of mirrors (right and left) from DeWinter a few years ago, and they are beautiful. Unlike the less expensive mirrors, in which the arms may be plastic, these are made of solid hard brass, nicely chrome plated. Among other things, this means that they are not likely to break if you accidentally hit 'em, and, they do not vibrate at speed, which tends to blur the reflected image. Dave Lewis thinks the Fisher mirrors are the better of the two, but both are very good. Be prepared to pay at least \$60 a piece. Occasionally one sees a late '30s Buick with mirrors mounted on top of its sidemount covers, a la early '30s Packards and the like. In my opinion, this is definitely not "correct," and doesn't look right.

TRUNK HINGES

One reader sent me a note wondering about the external trunk hinges on the '38 80-C pictured in Issue 7. The external hinges are correct for that model. All of the '38 four-door convertibles had "plain" or, if you prefer, "streamline" rear decks. The Special (40-C) and Century (60-C) models had concealed deck hinges, as did the comparable closed sedans (44, 47 and 67) and the very unusual Roadmaster streamline sedan (87). It is believed that the Roadmaster four-door convertible got external hinges because the size of its top required a large well aft of the rear seat, which left insufficient room for the internal concealed-hinge mechanism. The '37 44, 47, 64 (another very unusual model of which there are apparently none remaining), 67, 40-C and 60-C likewise all had concealed hinges. Unlike its '38 successor, the '37 80-C has a "trunk" back and therefore has external hinges like all other trunk-back models.



Classified Ads



PARTS FOR SALE

1937 series 60 coupe: gas pedal, needs rubber-\$2; front shocks, rebuilt-\$75 ea; front sway bar-\$20; 2 lower A-frames, complete with spindle mounts-\$20 ea; 4 new replacement arms for A-frames-\$35 ea; 1 big set & 1 small set sidemount covers with good stainless-\$700 set; dash gauge assy, no gas or temp gauges, new Bob's repro face-\$40; dash clock guts-\$5; steering linkage complete with center link, tie rods & ends-\$35. GREG MARSHALL (#148). 31732 Via Madonna, San Juan Capistrano, CA 92675. 714/661-4789.

1938 complete drive train, good condition. Motor & transmission-\$400; rear end-\$125; splash pans: right-\$15; left-\$25; 5 6.50 x 16 blackwall Wards tires on wheels, balanced, like new-\$450; battery box-\$15. BOB SMITH (#897). 74 N. Conrad Ave., Lecanto, FL 32661. 904/746-6430. (XI-1)

1937 60 series: 2 rear fenders, need work on bottom edge; 2 rear doors, complete; trunk lid; 2 front fenders with sidemount well holes cut out, but have cut out pieces that could be put back in; radiator, leaks a bit. These parts can be secured real cheap. JOHN MULLENIX (#436). 1212 S. Michigan Ave., Hastings, MI 49058. 616/945-5807.

'37 cigar lighter, good plastic-\$20; '37 bumper guard-\$25. All the following are '38: plastic repro fender light lenses-\$10 set; plug for radio holes in dash-\$5 ea; bumper guards, call for description-\$25 ea; trunk hinges, rechromed, very good-\$75 set; trunk handle, repro, very good-\$30; clock, looks good-\$25; radio grille-\$5; dash ash trays-\$20 set; cigar lighter, good plastic-\$20; headlight switch knob, good plastic-\$10; wiper knob, fair plastic-\$20; dash lights switch-\$10; grille, very good original-\$300 OBO; brake handle-\$5; pass. side splash pan (40)-\$30; splash pans (40), full set-\$60; water pump, NOS (40)-\$35; 2-door sedan stainless (40,60)-\$25 set; firewall vent (40,60)-\$5; tail pipe (40,60)-\$35; gas tank (40,60)-\$45; wiper motor, very good (40,60)-\$50; front bumper, rechromed (40,60)-\$150; master cylinder (60)-\$55; floor board trans. cover (60)-\$10; clutch/brake pedals, sandblasted (60)-\$25; exhaust pipe (60)-\$35; fuel pump, NOS (60,80,90)-\$55; clutch fork boot (60,80,90)-\$10; rebuilt pressure plate (60,80,90)-\$55; push rods (60,80,90)-\$5 ea; hydraulic lifters, cam, rebuilt rocker assy., push rods, etc (60,80,90)-\$250 set. All prices plus shipping. Call between 5:30 PM & 9:30 PM Eastern Mon.-Fri., any time Sat. & Sun. DAVID BYLSMA (#117). 7802 Chevalier Ct., Severn, MD 21144. 410/551-7236.

1937 40-series, all used unless otherwise stated: new headliner, model 47-\$50; 2 sets front shocks-\$100 pr; front & rear bumpers-\$25 ea; outside door handles-\$10 ea; inside door handles-\$5 ea; hand brake handles-\$10; NOS front springs for sidemount-equipped car-\$75 pr; dash gauge assy.-\$35; gas, temp, amp gauges-\$10 ea; arm rests-\$10 ea; sunvisors-\$10 ea; engine, apart-\$100; many more parts. RICH GAGLIARDI (#888). 1526 Pelican Lane, Vero Beach, FL 32963. 407/231-5205.

PARTS WANTED

1937 40-series-need 2 complete sets of spring shackles for rear springs. AL KIERNAN (#796). 58-318 Laurier Ave., Milton, Ont., L9T 3M9 CANADA. 416/878-7496 home, 416/878-9222 work.

1937 Century large engine spark plug cover; face for '37 radio. AL MATTEI (#700). Willow Acres, Canastota, NY 13032.

1938 60-series running boards, any condition. I will arrange shipping from Long Beach, CA. BILL DENNEY (#863). 22 Scarborough Way, Dunbogan 2443, N.S.W., AUSTRALIA.

CARS FOR SALE

1938 model 46-S. Opera seats, dual sidemounts, new paint, all original except drive train: 350 Chevy, 350 Turbo Hydramatic, power steering. Drives great. Beautiful car. \$9000. RON WEATHERLY. 1425 Hale, Corcoran, CA 93212. 209/992-4298.

1937 model 80-C. Good original. \$22,000 US. Will consider any quality 1930s closed car in trade. Modern drive train, electric wipers, signals, etc. OK. For full details, phone 604/246-3991 or write E.P.Moyer, RR 1, Chemainus, BC V0R 1K0 CANADA

1938 Roadmaster model 87. Extremely rare; one of only four known to exist per registries of BCA and 37/38 Club. Very low initial production; only 466 made. Solid rust-free California car needing full restoration. \$3500. Call for details. Can deliver. JOHN HARTER (#849). 31696 Ave. Evita, San Juan Capistrano, CA 92675. 714/493-7674. (X-9)

1938 Special business coupe, model 46. Solid car. Rebuilt engine, shocks, and brakes; new wiring harness; many NOS parts. Lost storage. \$5000. JOHN KONSTANTINOS (#523). 7584 Hickory Lane, Kent, OH 44240. 216-677-4929.. (X-9)



NEW MEMBERS



Douglas W. Orr #959
7706 Malia Ct.
Citrus Heights, CA 95621
916/722-5049
'37 46

Gerald Pagano #961
1004 Nora Dr.
Linden, NJ 07036
908/925-5358
'37 41

NEW ADDRESS
James Varga
4834 Grafton Rd.
Brunswick Hills Twp
OH 44212

Donald E. Johnson, Jr. #960
718 Harrison St.
Flint, MI 48502
313/694-1585
'37 66-C, '37 80-C, '38 66-S

James F. Swartz, Jr. #962
19 Academy Rd.
Madison, NJ 07940
'38 41

BUICK UPHOLSTERY KITS

Complete your restoration with an authentic Buick interior from Hampton Coach. Each kit is made in our own upholstery shop to original specs using only the finest fabrics and materials.

Panel Kits, Headlining Kits and Seat Upholstery Kits come complete, ready to install.

We presently have kits available for many popular Buicks from 1932 to 1953 and are in the process of adding many more. Specific models available for 1937 and 1938 are as follows:

- Model 41
- Model 46
- Model 46S
- Model 47
- Model 48 (1937 only)
- Model 61
- Model 66
- Model 66S
- Model 67



Guaranteed Quality & Fit

Write or call today for free literature including samples and prices. Please be sure to include year and model of your Buick along with your request.

HAMPTON



Hampton Coach Inc., 70 High Street, P.O. Box 665, Hampton, NH 03842 (603) 926-6341



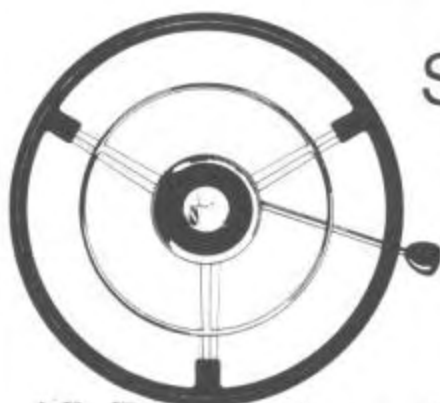
WIRING HARNESSES

AUTHENTIC REPRODUCTION
WIRING SYSTEMS THRU 1953
HANDCRAFTED WITH THE
FINEST MATERIALS
EACH SUPPLIED WITH:
LIMITED WARRANTY
INSTALLATION INSTRUCTIONS
SCHEMATICS
ALSO OFFERING:
WIRING SUPPLIES
BRAIDING SERVICE
CATALOG OR INFORMATION \$2



BOX 435 WAYNE, PA. 19087

Support Our ADVERTISERS



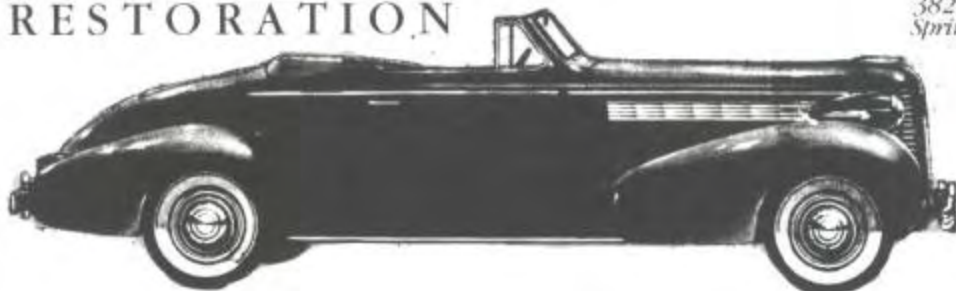
Perfectly Recast STEERING WHEELS

1936 Thru 1947
\$2.00 for Brochure
Must
Specify year

(602) 278-4505

J.B. Donaldson Co.
2533 W. Cypress Phoenix, Arizona 85009

DAVE LEWIS RESTORATION



*Partial or Complete
Show Quality Restorations*

3825 South Second Street
Springfield, Illinois 62703
217-529-5290

*References Available
20 Years Experience
Show Car Maintenance
Fully Insured
and Guaranteed
Shop Open 6 Days
9AM to 10PM CST*

'37-'38 Buick Rubber Parts

- ★ Windshield Rubber
- ★ Vent Window Rubber
- ★ Runningboard Mat
- ★ Convertible Roof Rail
- ★ Quarter Window
- ★ Door Weatherstrip
- ★ Suspension Rubber
- ★ Rebuild Motor Mount

We've been manufacturing
concours winning quality parts for
over a quarter of a century with only
one goal in mind.

Make only the best.

✓ Deal Manufacturer Direct

Send for your new Steele catalog!



Steele Rubber
Dept 37-38
1601 Hwy 150 East
Denver NC 28037
Fax: 704-483-6650

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

*In the US send \$2 (\$4US in Canada)
or call*

800/544-8665

BOB'S AUTOMOBILIA

(805) 434-2963

1937-38 BUICK

FRONT FLOORMAT

1937-38 Ser. 40-60
Black or Brown
FF-378.....\$175.



DOOR WEATHERSEAL-SPONGE

Glue-in.....DW-378.....\$1.70 ft.
Clip-in.....DW-80.....\$2.00 ft.



DOOR BOTTOM SEAL

Clip Type.....DW-369.....\$1.80 ft



TRUNK SEAL-SEDANS. 1/2" Wide;

Ser. 80-90.....TW-371.....\$29.50
Sedans. 3/4" Wide;
Ser. 40-60.....TW-371S.....\$29.50



TRUNK SEAL For COUPES. 9/16" X 1"

Sponge.....TL-369.....\$2.00 ft.



CLUTCH and BRAKE PEDALS Series 40-60

Black.....CB-343BK.....\$5.50 ea.
Brown.....CB-343BN.....\$5.50 ea.
Series 80-90.....CB-32BK.....\$7.50 ea.
Brown.....CB-32BN.....\$8.50 ea.



PEDAL FLOOR SEALS; All Models

.....FS-375.....\$13.00 pr.



1937 ONLY! ACCELERATOR PEDALS Series

40-60 Back.....AP-37BK.....\$27.00
Brown.....AP-37BN.....\$29.00



SHIFT BOOT. 1937-38 Series 40 ONLY!

Black.....SB-348BK.....\$ 9.50
Brown.....SB-348BN.....\$10.50



TIE-ROD ENDS. 1937-38 Series 40

Left Hand THREADS. TE-371L.....\$27.00
Right Hand THREADS. TE-371R.....\$27.00



FUEL PUMP KITS; SER. 40 FK-24.....\$25.00

Series 60-80-90.....FK-116.....\$30.00.



CARB. KITS: CARTER.....CK-360C \$25.00

STROMBERG.....CK-37XS \$26.00



TORQUE BALL SEAL KIT. ALL MODELS

TBK-343.....\$26.00



1937 Ser. 40-60 Front Door VENT Window REGULATORS.....VWR-37..\$65. pr.



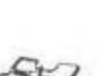
SUNVISOR BRACKETS For 40-50-60 Closed Cars.....VB-370.....\$45. pr.



ARM RESTS (door) METAL BRACKET and SPONGE. not covered.....\$27. ea.



VISOR "VANITY" MIRROR. VM-369.....\$25. ea.



RUNNING BOARD RUBBER

MATS. 1937-38 Series

40 Only! Requires Some Splicing on Inside Edge.

RM-378.....\$425.00 pr.



RUNNING BOARD INSULATORS. 1937-38

All Models. ALL NEW MATERIAL!

4 Needed Per Running Board.

RI-378S.....Set of 8...\$160.00



HOOD REST PADS. 1937-38 6-8 Per Car.

HR-378.....4.00 ea.



DASH GLASS. SILK-SCREENED on

Back of GLASS in COLORS as

Original.1937.....SPEEDO DG-37.....\$38.

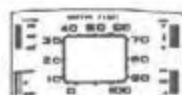
.....RADIO.....RG-37.....\$23.

.....CLOCK.....CG-37.....\$28.

1938.....SPEEDO DG-38.....\$38.

.....RADIO.....RG-38.....\$23.

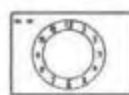
.....CLOCK.....CG-38.....\$28.



PLASTIC DASH KNOBS DK-37(38).....\$ 6.

PLASTIC DOOR HANDLE and Window

Winder RINGS. HE-37(38).....\$ 4.



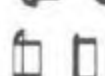
OUTSIDE DOOR HANDLE CHROME

and RUBBER GROMMETS.

1 FERRULE & 1 GROMMET Per Set.

1937.....DGF-296.....\$5./Set

1938.....DGF-380.....\$5./Set



DOOR FERRULE INSTALLATION TOOL.

\$20. Refundable if Returned Within

30 Days. DF-TOOL.....\$30.



1938 TRUNK HANDLE/LIGHT MOUNTING

SEAL.....DH-381.....\$8.50

RUMBLE SEAT LATCH 1937-38

DL-368.....\$65.



MOTOR MOUNT, FRONT. All Models

ROUND PADS.....SP-338.....\$10. pr.

MOUNT.....MM-347.....\$28. ea.



FRONT END BUMPERS;

UPPER ALL.....UB-379.....\$ 5. ea.

LOWER.....LB-3X0.....\$22. pr.

1937 HUB CAPS. All Ser.....HC-37.....\$60. ea.

16" WHEEL TRIM RINGS-TR-16S.....\$89./SET of 4

1937 or 38 HOOD ORNAMENT.....HO-3X.....\$75.



BOB'S AUTOMOBILIA BOX 2119 ATASCADERO CA. 93423 TELEPHONE (805) 434-2963

. VISA- MASTERCARD or C.O.D. CATALOG #40 \$3.00 - PHONE ORDERS - (Write For Catalog)

